

THE  
**MIRROR OF THE STAGE**

OR,

**New Dramatic Censor;**

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS,

**CRITICISMS**

ON THE

**NEW PIECES AND PERFORMERS;**

ANECDOTES, ORIGINAL ESSAYS,

&c. &c. &c.

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*Embellished with a striking Portrait of*

**MISS HAMMERSLEY**, as the **COUNTESS**,  
*In the "MARRIAGE OF FIGARO."*

**LONDON:**

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged for the newspapers, &c. forwarded to us by **DRAMATICUS**, Brighton, and regret that we have not room for his communication in our present number; in our next we shall certainly insert it, together with the whole particulars relative to Mr. S. CHAPMAN and the Brighton Herald.—Mr. M——, London, will also accept our thanks for his favour on this subject.

To our *Country Friends*, we beg to answer generally, that we shall be most happy to receive their notices, but they must not suppose us ungrateful if we do not always insert the whole of their critiques, as the urgent nature of other claims sometimes prevent our devoting much space to provincial news.—An *old Theatrical Critic* is himself unjust, when he attributes motives to us which we detest;—the object of his eulogy is altogether unknown to us, consequently, we could have no personal pique to gratify. We can make allowance for the sensitive feelings of a lover, (for such we presume this self-dubb'd critic to be) for we know he can see "Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;" but we cannot hoodwink our judgment to make it correspondent with his wishes. If the lady who *went on* for Alicia, possesses "a form of very superior figure," and talents of "*the very first class*," she so completely shrowded them, that not a *twinkle* of either was exhibited to us. We do not pretend to much judgment in the matter of female beauty, but till we can fancy that a *thick lipped Hottentot* is the *Venus de Medicis*, we must, (ungallant as it may appear,) doubt the lady's pretensions to the palm of beauty. Had Alicia really been what her representative was, Hastings would never have been "a gay deceiver" we are sure; there would have been no temptation, consequently no "deadly sin."

### HORSEWHIP WANTED.

OUR notice was called by a friend to a wretched article in '*The Real John Bull*.' Its scurrility and falsehood renders it unanswerable. We merely notice it as we would point out a brothel, to be shunned and detested. Were a man to give utterance to one half the grossness contained in the article alluded to in public society, he would be infallibly knocked down, or kicked out of company. Why should the public press be made a vehicle for the expression of meanness and brutality; or why should he skulk in a whole skin who puts his filth in print? To Covent Garden alone this gentleman addresses himself, and uses the names of Mrs. C. KEMBLE, Miss TREE, &c. &c. persons who, we are assured, would feel otherwise than satisfied at such a creature's commendation. Have you, Mr. KEMBLE, denied the varlet his free admission, that, in the dirty spirit of disappointment, he thus misbecalls your establishment? Mr. ARBOTT likewise is brought in question; certainly the writer may, on reasonable reflection, be too contemptible for that gentleman's chastisement; yet the *harmlessness* of the *snarl* does not always guarantee its *safety*. a.

**BATH THEATRICALS.**—We open here upon the 2nd of November, under the management of the veteran CHARLTON, with a Mr. PEACH, grandson to old KEASBERRY the actor, for his deputy. The interior of the house has undergone no refreshing touches since last season, but some wooden backs have been added to the back benches of the pit, after the present mode in London. Our company has lost nearly all the favorites of the last year: Mrs. BUNN, LYDE, KELLY, and ARCHER, have

gaged at Drury Lane; W. WILLIAMS and HAMBLIN emigrate to Dublin; and Miss TUNSTALL, the sweetest of our wabblers, returns no more. How these losses are to be remedied, a little time will now develop. Report has it, that Mrs. SHEPPARD succeeds Mrs. BUNN; OSBALDISTON and BELLAMY, from Norwich, are to be the substitutes for ARCHER and WILLIAMS, with a Mrs. BAYLY, from York, in lieu of Miss KELLY.

Among the embryo plans of the management, there is a talk of *Italian Operas*, with some of the second-rate Signors and Signoras from the King's Theatre; if *Catalani* could be obtained, such a speculation would undoubtedly answer, otherwise it will only be treated with derision and neglect. But even with *her* wonderful talent, I doubt whether our townsmen would permit the pieces to be raised; and, *without it*, the slightest attempt at such an imposition would infallibly produce an *O. P. Row*. However, I believe CHARLTON is much too sensible a director to sanction any such obnoxious measure. In fact, what can be more ridiculous and worthless to an English audience than an entertainment of foreign sing-song, executed by mediocre singers, accompanied by a thin orchestra, and totally divested of all its essential and necessary spectacle.

In a short time I hope to report some particulars which may amuse your readers; till when, I remain, T. Q.

MANSSELL's company have opened at Wakefield. HAMMOND, of the Haymarket, has joined, and opened in *Acres*, and *Caleb Quitem*; a good hit.

The company this last season at Cowes played in a temporary theatre above a shop, which bore the pithy notice of 'Warehouse for Pumps.'

# THE Mirror of the Stage;

OR,  
NEW DRAMATIC CENSOR.



"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;  
To show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image;  
And the very age and body o' th' times its form and pressure."

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No. 7.] MONDAY, Nov. 3rd, 1823. [Vol. III.

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## MEMOIR OF MISS HAMMERSLEY.

No one is placed in so perplexing a situation as the Theatrical Biographer; confined to certain limits in his summary of an actor's life, he constantly vibrates between two ills; being either too brief in his 'great account,' or becoming tediously circumstantial; here disappointed vanity curls up its lip and utters the contemptuous 'pshaw' to the well-intentioned recital of birth, education, *debut*, and migrations. We can fancy too the accompanying look of wounded pride, on finding that two or three columns have not been occupied in discoursing 'eloquently' on sparkling eyes, sylph-like forms, and dimpled cheeks; as the ostrich, by hiding his head, fancies he is secure from discovery, so since the introduction of looking-glasses, women, be they ever so ugly, find some gleam of beauty sufficient in their minds 'to set ten poets raving:' this is our major misery. The minor one 'that visits our sad' state is no less annoying; impatient for an account of the passing scenes at Patent Houses, the testy hunter after novelty curses our prolixity, and wonders we can feel any interest in relating the dull stuff of dates and circumstances: but gently, my absolute sir, or sweet madam, for in imitation of our predecessors we must call you so, though you may be the most crabbed being in the

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universe, we have a little of *self* mixed up in this matter, and shall, out of pure obstinacy, have our own way, spite of your railing; for be it known, we are eccentric enough to admire a man who is determined to pursue old habits, right or wrong; it shews a stability of character, and goes a good way to prove that man is really a *free agent*.

The fair object of our embellishment then, Miss MIRIAM HAMMERSLEY, is the youngest daughter of Mr. HAMMERSLEY BUGGINS, of Birmingham, but when or where she was born, our informant sayeth not. Ladies, luckily for our accuracy, are not like wine, the better for *age*; we shall therefore leave our readers to speculate upon the probable quantity of summers that have passed since Miss H. entered this 'troubled scene,' with the especial proviso, that they will not for an instant fancy she has passed that period 'when the young blood runs frolick through the veins.'

Mr. BUGGINS was for many years a tradesman of the highest respectability in the town we have mentioned, but his great partiality for the 'silvery sweets' of harmony, induced him to resign the irksome and monotonous pursuit of trade: though talent or taste is not perhaps hereditary, it was very natural that what Mr. B. delighted in he should feel

anxious to teach his children. Miss M. her brother and sister received, therefore, from a parent's hand, their first instructions in music. To Mr. B. the town of Birmingham is also indebted for the establishment of its Choral Fund. After having imbibed the rudiments of this delightful science, Miss H. was placed under the care of Mr. HORN, for a theatrical finish. Her progress under this gentleman was so rapid, that she shortly afterwards, in 1818 (we believe) made her debut at the English Opera House in *Mandans*: her success was equal to the expectations of her friends, and she continued to take the lead in Opera during the whole season. The character in which she particularly excelled was in the '*Persian Hunters*,' which had a short run. We remember to have heard her execute the sweet air of, "Stranger wear this Rose," with unmixed delight.

It frequently happens, even with the most fortunate, that a provincial tour is recommended as the surest road to ultimate success.—this was the case

with Miss HAMMERSLEY, who very judiciously adopted this course, and withdrew from a London Theatre until her powers were more matured, and her taste confirmed. In pursuance of this plan, Miss H. visited Dublin, where she was highly popular: she afterwards played at Manchester and Liverpool, at which latter Theatre Mr. KEMBLE saw and engaged her for Covent Garden, where she made her first appearance, on the 3rd of October last, as *Adriana*, in the '*Comedy of Errors*.' Having so recently spoken of her qualifications and merits as a singer and an actress, it is only necessary for us to add, that she has completely realised the opinion we then expressed of her talents. Since this period she has played the *Countess*, in the '*Marriage of Figaro*,' in which character we present our readers with a highly finished portrait, being the first of a series of embellishments which we mean in future to give in every number of our work.

With this brief notice of a most promising actress and singer, we make our bow to Miss HAMMERSLEY, in the confident expectation of having many opportunities to repeat our commendation.

H.

## Theatrical Diary.

### DRURY LANE.

October 17th, *Hamlet*, *Cupid and Folly*, *Actress of Allwork*.—18th, *School for Scandal*, *Cupid and Folly*, *Peeping Tom*.—20th, *Virginius*, *Cupid and Folly*, *Adopted Child*.—21st, *Road to Ruin*, *Cupid and Folly*, *Turnpike Gate*.—22nd, *Pizarro*, *Adopted Child*.—23rd, *Simpson and Co. Peeping Tom*, *Beggar's Opera*.—24th, *School for Scandal*, *Cupid and Folly*, *Turnpike Gate*.—25th, *Hamlet*, *Simon and Co.*.—27th, *Fazio*, *Cataract of the Ganges*, *on the Rajah's Daughter*.—28th, *Road to Ruin*, *Cataract*.—29th, *Wild Oats*, *Cataract*.—30th, *Virginius*, *Cataract*.—31st, *Macbeth*, *Cataract*.

'*Hamlet*' has been twice acted since our last.—MACREADY playing the *Prince*. This Gentleman enacts so many characters, not merely well, but with unquestionable genius, that we regret he should risk his well-earned fame, by attempting parts above his powers. It is no disgrace to Mr. M. that he cannot play *Hamlet*; for who is there, now KEMBLE is no more, that can truly embody the poet's conception of this strange, yet beautiful character? It has been

ably observed, "that this Play is the most faulty of Shakespeare's Dramas, and yet it is, perhaps, the most interesting of them all in representation."—Faulty, because the plot is ill conducted—the introduction of supernatural agency, violating probability and reason—and the murder of *Polonius*, and the madness and death of *Ophelia* caused by the cruelty of *Hamlet*, outrages humanity. Wherein, then, consists the beauties of *Hamlet*? Why, in the combination of more

variety of incident, more refinement of moral sentiment, and a more exquisite display of human character than are to be found in any other drama. The vacillating, yet noble and philosophic *Prince*; the tender, confiding and filial *Ophelia*, lovely even in madness; the solemn, dignified, but tender and pathetic *Ghost*; the unnatural and vindictive *King*, and the erring, half-repentant *Queen*—even the garrulity and officiousness of *Polonius*, and the foppery of *Osrick*, are drawn with a master-hand, and keep the interest alive, from the beginning till the curtain falls. All these characters, with the exception of *Hamlet*, require little genius in the actors of them. A stately walk, and measured diction, give a tolerable idea of the unearthly visitant. An easy affectionate manner, and a plaintive simple execution of the little ditties, typify *Ophelia*. While that ‘adulterous beast, *Claudius*’ is intrusted to a third-rate actor, who, ‘with brows severe, and beard of formal cut,’ is “every inch a King.” *Gertrude*, *Polonius*, and the rest, are parts, as the phrase is, that “play themselves;” which, according to the Green-Room vocabulary, none but blockheads can mistake. But *Hamlet*, to any other than an actor of commanding genius and intellect, is the bow of Ulysses, in the hands of a baby. It is not ‘alone the inky cloak,’ nor the dejected ‘haviour of the visage,’ that can denote him truly, ‘but dignified deportment, elegance and refinement of manner, feeling, taste, judgment, passion, all combined, and forming by their union the *beau ideal* of the poet’s conception. These are not to be acquired by merely getting by-heart the language of the author, but by intense unremitting study, and which MR. MA-

CREADY has yet to undergo, before he can expect applause for his *Hamlet*. We could point many faults and innovations; but, as we presume it was intended *only as a trial*, and as the Manager must, by this time be aware that its merits ‘were not proven,’ as the Scotch say, we shall refrain from the ungracious task of dissection. Miss POVEY’s *Ophelia*, was very prettily acted, though we must confess we have seen it played better. ARCHER and MERCER did all that could be done for *Horatio* and *Laertes*. WALLACK’s *Ghost* was excellent, inasmuch as it was not so violent to the sight, as the portly personages who have been in the habit of playing it.

We cannot conclude our notice, without applauding the good taste of DOWTON, who played the *First Grave-digger*, for omitting the ridiculous buffoonery usually introduced in this part, we allude to the pulling off of some half-dozen waistcoats, &c. The only object gained by such nonsense, was to set a ‘few barren spectators laughing.’ We are happy MR. DOWTON’s good sense has altered it—‘twas villainous before, that’s certain.

#### THE ROAD TO RUIN

Was again played on the 28th, and is we find to be acted once a week, “till further notice,” we are glad of it: this selection shews good taste, for there cannot be a more gratifying banquet to the sense, than to witness the Comedy as it is now performed. MUNNEN’S *Old Dornton* is nature all; such a union of pathos, feeling, and chastened humour, is seldom seen, and we are afraid when Mr. M. retires, this character will be wholly lost to the stage. ELISTON’S personation of *Harry Dornton* is excellent: he is a son worthy of *such a sire*! praise can-

not go farther. HARLEY's *Goldfinch* has bustle and flippancy to recommend it, little else is wanted to render it amusing. KNIGHT's *Silky* was in admirable keeping. We take fault to ourselves for omitting to notice this actor's performance of *Crazy*, in our last—his delineation of the garb, helplessness and decrepitude of age, was most perfect and natural. MRS. H. HUGHES played *Sophia* on this evening in a manner that agreeably surprised us; this lady's efforts have been devoted to pert Chambermaids, &c. We suspect, from the specimen we had in this piece, that she is capable of a great deal more, and we hope opportunities will be afforded to realize our prognostication.

The Ballet of '*Cupid and Folly*' was abruptly terminated by the sudden indisposition of MRS. NOBLE, who was taken off the stage in a fainting state.

The Musical Farce of the '*Turnpike Gate*,' gave us MUNDEN again as *Crack*, who made our very sides ache again by his drollery. All who attempt this character copy Mr. M's manner, but all fall lamentably short of the rich humour he throws into the part. HORN was announced for *Harry Blunt*, but at the conclusion of the ballet, an apology was made by PENLEY for his non-appearance, on the plea of sudden indisposition. MELROSE took the character at a short notice, and as far as regards singing, left us no reason to regret the absence of HORN. Acting in a singer, would be a rarity indeed—this we presume, Mr. MELROSE thought would be giving us "too much of a good thing for our weak stomachs"—so with all due respect to old custom, he seemed to set a *dangerous* example to his brother vocalists,

and merely walked through the part. Mr. M. has many personal advantages in his favour, together with a voice of much power and clearness. If he was to devote his leisure time (and of late he has a great deal,) to study, and throw a *little more* animation into his acting, he would find his diligence would meet its proper reward. Whoever is the chorus-master at this house, he seems determined, like other *great men*, to shew a lordly disregard of his duty. We never entered into the spirit and truth of Hogarth's *Enraged Musician* as on this evening. We are sure the witty painter had undergone some such torture as was inflicted on us by the performance of the choruses in the *Turnpike Gate*, or he never could have approached so near reality. "A word or two before we part," with this farce about SHERWIN, if it be *absolutely* necessary to put this excellent actor in parts such as *Old Maythorn*, it should at least be imperative in him to *play it*, and not merely walk over the course, as he did on this occasion. We know that managers are lyny-eyed.

#### FAZIO.

ON Monday last, a most crowded audience witnessed the first appearance of Mrs. BUNN, in the part of *Bianca*. Her reception was most cordial, and for some moments appeared to overpower the object of its devotion.

We ever admired this lady from her first essay in *Imogene*, in that character she evinced the possession of much acuteness of intellect and capability of development—practice and observation have, since that period, completed their work, and now present in Mrs. BUNN an act-



ress, who, if she cannot be held as the *general* Melpomene, may retain one station vainly disputed by any present rival. This lady appears to study that art, which gives a shade to the picture, which, by reposing from the work of passion, carves out surprise for its re-awakened energies; it is not intense feeling instantly subsiding into coldness and indifference, but the visible harassings of mind arising from excessive emotion, yet retaining the presence of the object which awakened it. Nature, when seconded by mental strength, may for awhile uphold the fight with combating misery, and succumb but with its own annihilation; but it is not an instant grief of heart, a momentary fall of feeling, there is a lowering of the tempest; sensation cannot always rave its agony, but falls, and silent broods amid the waste of violated happiness. Mrs. BUNN's *Bianca* partook strongly of these shocks of mind, and secured her performance throughout the voice of approving nature. Her scene with *Fazio*, after his first interview with *Aldabella*, was the jealous wife, yet *purely* jealous, fearing more the dangers that awaited her husband, than for the hold of her own right of empire: and this is intense love; passion in its purity of soul, and devotedness of feeling. *Fazio's* absence, and the circumstances reported of him, appeared with Mrs. BUNN to mock the generous notion before indulged, and as an object becomes more wildering in its fall, from the valuation before set upon its truth, urge her in the dismay of reason, to recall the truant back. The piece is not imagined, *he is with Aldabella*; all foresight is stunned with *that* truth, and she

denounces him at the senate. Her lapse of feeling, the gush of agonized affection at the knowledge of her husband's fate, excited the sympathies of the whole audience. In the scene with *Aldabella*, where the humbled, heart-broken wife solicits of her lord's paramour interest and protection, fully justified us in our previous remarks on the progressive fall of passion. The woman, at the first assurance of her husband's infidelity, felt the spirit of indignation against the bland robber, even to consuming, and to have recalled or uttered one word of courtesy towards the object she would have deemed a degradation, impious to her duty as a wife, but lowered by sorrow, agonized by circumstance, with the thoughts of to-morrow, her husband's death-day, the dying of her imagination bends her as a supplicating spirit at the foot of harlotry. All this was faithfully delineated by the actress, as also her last scene with *Fazio*: in the storm and madness of despair, the bell sounds, it strikes her senseless, every nerve seems paralyzed; function is beaten dead, and the fixed eye and towering form, affords, perhaps, the finest representation of the beautiful picture of Byron—

She stood a moment as a Pythoness,  
Stands on her tripod—agonized, and full  
Of inspiration gathered from distress,  
When all the heart-strings, like wild  
horses, pull  
The heart asunder. —

Her last interview with the *Duke* was equally effective. In the speech where she entreats the fate of the petty robber of "a pound of dust" with his or her's, who breaks in upon, and desolates the domestic health, was as fine a burst of passion as ever echoed within this theatre.

YOUNGE is undoubtedly a serviceable actor; but *Fazio* is beyond his grasp; it is the mere bodily participation of circumstance, spirit it has none. ARCHER is an acquisition to a line of business, very difficult to be respectably filled.

And now for '*The Cataract of the Ganges*,' the eighth wonder of the world: the machine for which newspaper brooms have swept the way, and managers have shouted "here it comes," for this many a-day. We will first speak of the plot: the Indies are a fine place to pick for a battle-field, and so we have two hostile Rajahs, who after a little fighting, one offers his daughter as a peace-offering, to marry the other's son. And as the rajah of Guzerat, has to avoid the law which dooms all female children to 'Brahma's bosom,' brought up his child as a boy; upon hearing of the intended nuptials, which are in his absence consented to, and hurried on by *Mokarra*, the grand Brahmin arrives, and having some consideration for the wife elect, forbids the banns, avows the heinous crime of fostering the child, and after a little decent sorrow, renders her up to *Mokarra*, a wicked dog enough, to be immolated according to the statute, this ends Act one. The second consists of the wooing of the Brahmin, who thinks his charge too handsome for the idol, and therefore proposes taking her as a *tythe* from Brahma; she, however, cannot think of such a thing, and would sooner die the usual number of deaths than marry him; for bating that, she don't like him, there is a very smooth-faced young man for a Hindoo, *Iran*, (Mr. PENLEY) for whom she has felt some tender yearnings: now then begin

the attempts at escape, the usual start of the sleeper, and the regaining of position by the prisoners, and then the unlucky fall of the lamp just as they are about to say *bon soir*, up jumps the Brahmin, a fight is the consequence, it becomes epidemic, and is cut-and-come-again, until the end; it is needless to say, that the *Brahmin* is killed, and that the happy lovers are united. '*Splendor* has done its worst.'

It is, we think, an unpardonable satire of the managers, and ought to be prosecuted like Lord Byron's *Vision of Judgment*, or any other wicked intent to make common sense quite dispensable with the acts of sovereigns and rajahs. The '*Cataract of the Ganges*' is assuredly the most gorgeous spectacle we ever remember to have witnessed, but miserably lacking the trifling commodity of reason; certainly, there is no quarrelling with the author's economy, if he cannot be liberal. The trappings of the processions, the choicest display of the most beautiful scenery, and the quietness with which the *thing* is conducted, make it a most splendid feast for the lovers of show and paraphernalia; the king's journey to parliament-house used to be considered a grand treat for the hungry stomachs of spectacle epicures, but such a visit is now passed over with indifference; even the Lord Mayor's show has fallen into obscurity, and the ever-memorable coronation quite out-glittered by the '*Cataract of the Ganges*.' By the bye, the name may be a good sounding one, but such a mass of splendor we think, could have had a better godfather than the trifling *Cataract* at the end of the piece, because this stream is by no means necessary to the



*denouement*; the finishing fight might as well take place at Wormwood Scrubbs, or Moulsey-hurst, besides the name prepares people to expect more than perhaps even mechanists can finish. The public, (like the man in the *Arabian Nights*, who thought if the tailor could make *two* caps out of a piece of cloth, he might from the same quantity furnish *ten*;) imagine that if one night they behold a man issue from a quart bottle, the next evening surely he may creep into a pin-case. Therefore we say, the name is bad. We think, that *Cobbett* could have christened it with more propriety, something like '*The Parsons in Indostan, or the Gridiron wanted*,' would have been striking, and assuredly more applicable; as to the merits of the piece,

the decorations are most sumptuous, imagination is out-done by the manager, who crowds wonder upon wonder, and even tiers with splendor. Of the actors we can say nothing, for they had nothing to do; *WALLACK* looked extremely well, plump and perfectly church-like. *HARLEY* was served up as a side-dish, dressed after the fashion of Robinson Crusoe, the *reason* why, our comprehension is too shallow to guess. But, however, he laughs through the piece, and carries two muskets.

Miss *POVEY* is ever pleasing: she sung with much sweetness, but the music is not very characteristic. Miss *L. KELLY* looked as interesting as princesses in trouble generally do.

The house was crowded to excess.

### COVENT GARDEN.

October 17th, *Venice Preserved, Beacon of Liberty*.—18th, *School of Reform, Beacon of Liberty*.—20th, *Hamlet, Vision of the Sun*.—21st, *Clari, Fortune's Frolic, Beacon of Liberty*.—22nd, *As you like it, Beacon of Liberty*.—23rd, *Point of Honor, Padlock, Beacon of Liberty*.—24th, *Stranger, Miller's Maid, 25th, Slave, A Roland for an Oliver*.—27th, *Hamlet, Vision of the Sun*.—28th, *Inconstant, Harold the Renegade, or the Red Cross Knights, Fortune's Frolic*.—29th, *King Henry VIIIth, Beacon of Liberty*.—30th, *Comedy of Errors, Duel*.—31st, *Wheel of Fortune, Roland for an Oliver*.

#### HAMLET.

MR. YOUNG'S *Hamlet*, is not, perhaps, quite so philosophic as SHAKESPEARE meant it. More subject to the irritation of circumstance than could be imagined, from the mind that had banished—

"—— all trivial fond records,

"All saws of books, all forms, all  
presure's past,"

for the execution of one grand design—that, defeating its whole capacity in the revering of a parents murder—would, without associating with 'the tedious fools,' and 'gad-flies' of the venal court. We conceive MR. YOUNG'S *Hamlet* too frequently relaxes

from his great motive of action, and by such familiarity with 'bare matter,' compromises much of the awfulness of purpose by which *Hamlet* is supposed to be directed. His delivery also of 'To be, or not to be,' disappoints us. It is cold, tame, and ineffective; it comes, as from a statue that, being exempt from the ills of humanity, has the power of meditating theoretically, destitute of any inward, and present impulse to direct its enquiry—

"Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to  
suffer

"The stings and arrows of outrageous  
fortune."

It is true, *Hamlet* questions it as a general power of man, yet, still with an evident feeling of his individual right of availment. MR. YOUNG, however, does not read it so—he appears to have no self-interest in the enquiry, but delivers the speech, as though begot by passing accident, without that motive, which it is evident prompts *Hamlet* to demand of his reasons their right of action. We imagine his scene with his mother to be his greatest. Filial love, disgust, and duty, are beautifully portrayed, in their influence over a sensitive mind. His encounter with the gravedigger; and his subsequent meditation on ‘the base uses incidental to mortality, wanted that mental force and acuteness which such circumstance must naturally elicit from rumination. These are the only defects, and are trivial when compared to the innumerable beauties with which MR. YOUNG’s *Hamlet* is endowed. Where it wants philosophy, we are gratified by passion—and where we would complain of impropriety we are met by elegance.

BLANCHARD’S *Polonius* is a chaste and happy performance. EGERTON was truly dismal in the *Ghost*, and most successfully retailed the blue devils from his ‘prison-house.’ ABBOT, as *Larertes*, was ‘a man made after-supper, from a cheese-paring.’ That beautiful reproof of ‘Oh lay her in the earth,’ was given with as much unconcern, as though he was superintending the drowning of blind puppies, or witnessing the rat-exterminating efforts of the dog *Billy*. We forget who it is that says in a play, ‘Will nobody stop that man’s mouth.’ We asked internally the same question, upon hearing the *First Priest*—we should not like to deprive him of his *living*, but we

would willingly give him a *cure*. The angelic disposition of MISS TREE’S *Ophelia*, brought most forcibly to our mind, the accusation of cruelty made towards *Hamlet* by DOCTOR JOHNSON.

#### FORTUNE’S FROLIC.

MR. RAYNER has appeared in that bumpkin of romance, *Robin Rougehead*. To deny that, as a whole performance it was one of merit, would be equally false with unqualified praise.—Where *Robin* reverts to the kindnesses of Master *Rattle’s*, RAYNER was most happy; but there was a constraint through the general character; there was not that breathless enjoyment, that abandonment to gratification, to which the newly-awakened disposition of *Robin* would render him prone. The part is assuredly a ridiculous one;—unnatural, improbable,—a mere automaton, which the author makes revert to its pouch on every occasion, very subject to “wet eyes and broad grins;” therefore the more is required to make this nondescript something like human.—RAYNER has added nothing to his fame by its personation,—nor, perhaps, has he lost. It was an even performance. But OXBERY in his *Zenith* must have carried it.

#### CLARI.

THIS opera (as it is termed) has been repeated: *certes* it possesses some sweet music, and, with the charming witchery of Miss TREE, draws a good house. Her *Clari* is one of the loveliest portraits on the stage. Her helpless situation in the latter part of the piece, is beautiful in the extreme, and recalled to our memory the passage of STERNE addressed to the heart-broken Maria—“And wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and

shelter thee: thou should'st eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup."

LARKINS played PEARMAN's part. Mr. L. acts much better than he sings—his song "Ne'er shall I forget the day," was one uninterrupted bellow.

#### AS YOU LIKE IT

Was played for the first time this season on Wednesday.—YOUNG's excellence in the moralizing Jaques is of the first class of correct and judicious acting.—There is little in the character to call forth any great display of genius; but yet it is one in which none but a first-rate actor can give effect to. The speeches 'I met a fool in the forest,' and the celebrated 'Seven Ages,' require not only a finished style of declamation, but a cultivated taste and nice discrimination, to give the points with due emphasis: Mr. YOUNG delivered them in a manner which left us cause to regret that custom prevented their repetition.

Mr. KEMBLE's performance of *Orlando* was distinguishable for gentlemanly ease, correct judgment, and a complete knowledge of his author. Miss JONES was the *Rosalind* of the evening: this is the character in which Miss J. made her *débüt* last season, and perhaps she may on that account have devoted no inconsiderable portion of study to it. We took occasion to mention the delight her first performance afforded us, and we can truly avouch that on this evening, she exhibited not only the capabilities which charmed us before, but added to their effect by the experienced and self-confidence she has acquired. No actress we have seen since Mrs. JORDAN has realised our idea of *Rosalind* so completely as Miss JONES.—

We trust no feelings of *favouritism* will impede her progress in her profession: she is competent to lead, not follow in the train of others. If the manager consults his own interest, he will afford her an opportunity to display the talents we are sure she possesses. FAWCETT's *Touchstone*, and Mrs. GIBBS' *Audrey*, were laughable and amusing.

#### THE INCONSTANT.

This excellent comedy, whilst it pleases, makes us regret either the bad taste of the public, or paucity of genius, shewn in the dramatic profferings of the present day. A primness and affectation of morality may censure some few wanderings of the author; but for ourselves, give us the wit of FARQUHAR, with its carelessness, before the elegant sentiment of MESSRS. PLANCHE and HOWARD, with its namby-pamby nothingness. We have no affection for passages clipped and rounded, to make them pretty and decorous, at the expence of brilliancy of meaning, and sportiveness of fancy. Be it understood, we would not make a Theatre the place for *double entendre*, neither would we have it our evening academy on Sunday School principles. CHARLES KEMBLE, as *Young Mirabel*, gave us the most finished picture of the *Inconstant*. *The Times* yields the palm to ELLISTON. We must disagree with the 'First Journal of Europe.' ELLISTON strives to slink and slide into good opinion;—KEMBLE shews the true carelessness of elevated fancy, and plays direct to the understanding: where ELLISTON manoeuvres.—He asks—KEMBLE commands. JONES as *Durelle* was again at home: we never see him, but our admiration is seasoned

with regret at the apparent *vacuum* his absence will one day create. FARREN'S *Old Mirabel* was amongst his happiest hits. Miss FOOTE'S *Oriana* made *Young Mirabel*'s obstinacy appear more unaccountable. MRS. CHATTERLY played with spirit and confidence. It is not for us to enter into private bickerings, but we could not help smiling at the fancied service a few of MRS. C's friends imagined they were realizing, at torturing the observation of *Madame Bizarre* into a personal assertion from MRS. CHATTERLY, and applauding it as a most opportune vindication for many late conflicting statements.

The ballet of '*The Renegade*,' we candidly confess, we know nothing about. It was most laughably mysterious. A foreign dancer from Lisbon, made his *debut*, and in the hop and turst, might rival GRIMALDI. The ballet being too lofty for the understanding of the audience, was withdrawn, after the first night. We hoped for something better.

#### SURRY THEATRE.

Our visit to this House, on Thursday se'nnight, afforded us the pleasure of perceiving that our advice had been followed; we are glad of it, it was well meant, and has, we find, been well received; a crowded house was the consequence of bringing forward all the *talent* to support their pieces. Audiences are not easily persuaded that the *vanity* of a third-rate actor, at a Minor Theatre is equal to the efforts of a principal one, and so MR. WILLYAMS has found; but enough of this. We have too much of 'the milk of human kindness' in us to reproach any man with his *for-*

*mer ills*, who has, like Mr. W. or his deputy, shewn such a disposition to amend them.

'*The Two Farmers*' is a piece of much domestic interest, it is a translation from the French, by the author of the *Infanticide*, and is altogether free from the gross absurdities that *distinguished* its predecessor. The plot turns upon the means sought by H. KEMBLE to obtain revenge on an individual (LOVEDAY,) who had in former times supplanted him in the affections of the woman he adored. Revenge, 'tis said, is immortal, and though in this instance it *closes* for some twenty years, it revives, and seeks its object, by accusing its victim of a participation in a horrid murder. The usual number of hopes, fears, scowlings and imprecations, are brought into action, 'and according to the card,' the innocent are exonerated, and the guilty punished. The interest is well kept up, the language appropriate, and the acting unexceptionable. VALE made his first appearance here in this piece, performed in his usual style of *broad* humour, and was well received.

A comic piece, in one act, called '*Asleep or Awake*,' followed, it possesses a little bustle, but is too improbable to meet further comment.

'*Trenck, the Pandour*,' depends more upon its situations and acting, than on any merit as a composition. Murder and marriage, love and loyalty, and banditti and bravery, are here scattered with a profuse hand. And all that terrible looks, and cut-throat propensities of H. KEMBLE and AULD, and the die-away sentimentality of that 'nice man,' MR. JULIAN can accomplish, (and what cannot such man perform) are here realized. A character which the Bills inform us,

meant for *Frederick the Great*, is introduced, but as much resembles it as a penny trumpet does 'Jove's thunder.' Miss SUNSEALL introduced some placing airs, which she sang with much sweetness, and was loudly applauded. Since writing the above, a friend has informed us, that Mr. WILLIAMS has discharged 'some of the lazy vermin of his house.' This is policy. 'Keep no more cats.' The proverb's somewhat musty, but it's good notwithstanding. Verily Mr. W. thou hast acted wisely, for some of thy actors were like wins on the face of beauty, incumbrances, but no ornaments. We trust the alteration was made with judgment. Take care Mr. Proprietor, that in cutting off the withered branches you do not injure the trunk—let it be done with true dramatic *otium cum dignitate*. No discharging an Actor because he did not pull off his hat to you in the street, or keeping an Actress, whose only merit is a *pretty face*. These things 'are rank,' and smack too much of *self*, 'pray ye avoid it.'

#### ROYAL COBOURG.

This house closed on Monday, for a week only, we understand; but if what we have heard, be correct, the disputes between the present, or former Proprietors, will not so speedily settled. We are sorry to find, that any circumstance will deprive the public of so pleasing a species of amusement, as the Theatre afforded them.

#### OLYMPIC THEATRE.

##### ADDRESS.

I really know not how it will appear,  
'Steod of the Manager to see me here,

I had a hope first to appear before ye  
In our new play, and not to tell a story.  
And faith 'tis hard, 'stead right merry  
part,  
To have a long dull tale to say by heart.  
I told the manager, under correction,  
The self same thing, but on the first objection  
The man so storm'd, I fain sought your  
protection.  
I know—to blame the manager's high  
treason;  
But, hang the fellows, they will hear no  
reason.  
He talk'd some stuff of our persuasive  
arts;  
Of woman's pow'r o'er the audience hearts  
In short insisted I should plead his cause,  
And try to laugh you out of your ap-  
plause:  
But I shall prattle 'till my memory fail,  
And so forget one half the creature's tale.  
Now then, before the curtain, next be-  
hind it,  
First, as to warmth, pray tell me how  
d'ye find it?  
After such loud applause, without one  
hiss,  
I'll note down warmth as carried thim,  
*non. dic.*  
Boxes have been enclosed, sent back'd,  
to please ye;  
May I ask, d'ye find 'em snug and easy?  
Faith, if they are, the least that ye can  
do  
Is to back us, since we've so well back'd  
you,  
As for our house, you see its shape and  
size,  
'Tis made to please the ears as well as  
eyes;  
Perhaps, less suited to these latter days,  
When foreign shews have banish'd En-  
glish plays;  
When Shakespeare's poetry and Coe-  
greve's wit,  
So oft is echoed by an empty pit;  
Or shelv'd for combats fierce, for fire and  
slaughter,  
For real horses, or for real water:  
Still let us hope, despite this gallic pas-  
sion,

Seeing and hearing's not quite out of fashion.  
 Our giant neighbours boast a patent's force;  
 Lo, charge us minors with both foot and horse;  
 Let them advance their high legitimate name,  
 We've still some 'vantage which they cannot claim;  
 No need of opera-glass in this snug place,  
 To trace the movements of the actor's face;  
 Nor here need passion start into grimace;  
 Here you may note the look, or e'er it pass,  
 And nature's workings view in nature's glass:  
 No clouds of dust the arena here will fill,  
 No water gender fogs with cold to kill;  
 In fact, this water, which makes such a rout,  
 We've ta'en some pains to keep completely out.  
 Our actors I'd well nigh forgot to mention,  
 Indeed they're folks who now claim small attention;  
 Altho' 'tis hard that a once honor'd race  
 To horses or to asses should give place,  
 But so it is, therefore I'll pass 'em bye,  
 Hoping they'll please you, for I know they'll try;  
 And, cheer'd by you, will venture to 'bide blows,  
 With their more mighty and well mounted foes;  
 For well we know your smiles decide the fate,  
 As well of minor as legitimate:  
 To win those smiles, or e'en an humbler share,  
 Shall be our anxious hope, our zealous care;  
 Let me then beg your voices as you sit;  
 First of the gods, next you, and last, not least, the pit. *(Curtseying.)*

After the delay of a week, this Theatre opened on Monday last, under every prospect of a successful Season. The House has

been re-embellished, and every thing adopted, that can contribute to the comfort of an audience: The Boxes are enclosed. stoves placed in the Pit, and backs put to the seats of the latter, and an elegant chandelier, improves the general appearance of the House. The Company, as stated in our last, comprise much talent, known in London, together with some importation from the country, the chief of which is MR. ELTON. In genteel Comedy, he is a very gentlemanly young man, with a good figure, tolerable voice, and much self-possession. He does not appear to have a very extensive knowledge of the stage; but time and practice, we doubt not, will render him, not only a good, but a valuable actor. MR. BRANDON, a singer, who has a pleasing voice, and promises well. MR. ROBINSON, who played a little part in the second piece—his *forte* is old men—his style is remarkably chaste—his manner appropriate, and his voice and person suitable to the line of character he has chosen. The little humour he displayed, appeared to be natural. He never descends to trick or buffoonery to gain applause. We think highly of him at present, and hope he will give us no reason to alter our opinion. We have been a little ungallant in naming the gentlemen first, but our duty compelled us to give the first place, to those who are most entitled to our praise. Three ladies made their curtsies to us, but, with the exception of MISS STUART, they are not above mediocrity. The foregoing address was delivered by MRS. BAKER, in a very judicious manner, commenced the amusement; after which a lively Burlette, called



the '*Irish Polander*,' was played. It is certainly a very amusing piece, and was well acted, particularly by BENNET and POWER, the latter of whom played the *Irishman* with great humour. MRS. TAYLEURE had a very silly character, which could be only tolerated by the way in which it was played. A one-act Sketch, taken from the same source as *Fish out of Water*, was also produced. It is with a trifling variation, the same as the Farce, but the effect was lessened by W. WEST taking the part of the *Cook*. It is a part of too broad humour for his powers; but, perhaps, the remembrance of LISTON's irresistible drollery, in the same character, is too fresh, to let us feel any relish for another actor. The piece is very laughable, and exactly the sort of thing for a minor house.

'*Giovanni in Botany*,' furnished the amusements, in which MRS. BAKER played and sang with spirit, but her dress was most unseemly. Mrs. B. you have not a leg a-la-Vestris. W. WEST's *Leporello* is the best we ever saw. The house was crammed to the very ceiling, and was, we trust, the beginning of an abundant harvest.

#### THE ADELPHI.

That excrescence—'*Tom and Jerry*'—that filthy drug at which 'the gorge rises', has been again brought forward. We had hoped it was for ever abolished, and that laughable Burletta, with a little sense and scope for acting, would solely maintain the field. Certainly, a proprietor of a theatre will naturally endeavour, like any other shopkeeper, to make the most of his ware. At the period when CRUIKSHANKS had brought

*Pierce Egan* into notice, and three-fourths of the town were infected with a desire to see 'the holy land,' and hear the fulsome slang of pugilists and pick-pockets, something might be pardoned on the score of self-interest, and money-making, in thus indulging the unaccountable mania; but when this worse than nonsense has been discarded;—when folks are surfeited with this gentleman's diction; when effusions from the 'tiny crib' give no other feeling than that of contempt for the present effort, and shame for former patronage,—why rake up the rotten remains of *Tom and Jerry*,—and once more strive to make filthiness fashionable! We do not accuse *Mr. Pierce Egan* of corrupting the morals of the town;—for there requires some intellect in a writer's evil machinations to make them seductive: but, that his trash has contaminated conversation, and tortured pure English into an annoying jargon, cannot be denied: he has partly succeeded in introducing the cant of St. Giles's in more or less abundance into the drawing-room;—so pestilent has it become, that it is as common to substitute 'chaff' for 'jest' and 'fly' for 'conscious', with many other 'holiday terms,' as the occasion for using them, demands; the prevalence of their utterance is a sufficient argument of their mutual conception. The Vagrant Act is rather monstrous in its visitation on any fellow who indecently annoys the public in the high-way. Why should not he, who pollutes 'civilized intercourse, and rational conversation, with terms so gross and unmeaning, become, in some way subject to its infliction?—We are no Methodists; but we are fre-

quently irritated at the breaks, even in common dialogue, which the 'coinage' of MR. EGAN'S BRAIN have rendered so pestering. They are slugs vermin in our every day walks; they sicken us.

#### ANOTHER PIECE OF PRESUMPTION.

This is a parody on the abortion *Presumption*. We regret we cannot say any thing in its favour. A villainous collection of stupid puns are let off, with now & then a tolerable hit. We supply the following as a specimen of the wit. A lady asks a gentleman if 'he will take a cup of *cho-co-late*'—who pithily replies—'No'—'I have had a *shock-o'-late*'—[A laugh from the gallery.] The Manager is likewise fortunate, in the possession of a gentleman named SHAW. Now, this is an admirable opportunity, inasmuch as his entrance at the exclamation of 'Pshaw!' shews another proof of the author's overflowing humour: and gains—one more laugh from the gallery. We hope for something better, and more in consonance with the proverbial amusements of this Theatre, for folks are tired of *Tom and Jerry*.

'*Bombastes Furioso*' has been played, and excited some good humour. REEVE as *Bombastes*, is very clever, and the charming MRS. WAYLETT still fascinating in *Distaffina*.

#### THEATRE OF VARIETY, CATHERINE-STREET.

We have been to this little Theatre, and found ourselves much pleased by the nature of the amusements; the House is very prettily fitted up, and the performance of *Khia Khan Khase*, truly astonishing. Our

space compels us to postpone a longer notice, and promise to be more diffuse in our next.

#### BERWICK STREET AMATEUR THEATRE.

A tremendous quantity of amusements was given here on Wednesday last: *The Foundling of the Forest*, last act of *Jane Shore*, and *Iskle and Yario*. In the play, *Florian* was very ably played by Mr. M———, his only drawback being an occasional lisp. *De Valmont* was tiresome in the extreme; he read the part well; but his manner was so frigid and formal, that every speech was like a dose of *landanum* to us. *Bertrand* was tolerable; *L'Clair* was personated by a being 'forned out of the rining of bottles,' with most capacious boots, 'a world too wide for his shrunk shanks,' and an alarming pair of brass spurs. We do not like to censure a man because nature has not been bountiful to him; but if an amateur thrusts himself before an audience without the most distant approach to any thing like talent, he deserves castigation. This 'tailor's yard' was repulsively vulgar and rudely impertinent; he attempted to sing, but was loudly hissed for his presumption. The *Baron* was indeed barren of every thing but folly. Of the ladies, *Rosabella* and *Monica* were very well played. We cannot judge of *Geraldine*, for we did not hear a single word she said; her dumb show seemed to be just endurable. Our 'fair railer,' Miss JOHNSON, played *Eugenia*, and afterwards *Jane Shore*, with great judgment, taste, and feeling; her manners were easy, and not ungraceful; and if she had spoken the dialogue a little louder, her performance would have been faultless. This lady is not of the 'dumplin order of Venuses,' as our mischievous friend told us, but of the 'finest order of fine forms,' with an expressive countenance and brilliant eye. She was ably seconded by *Dumont*. *Iskle and Yario* went off rather dull, being, with the exception of *Sir Christopher Curry*, badly acted.

These amateurs, by the way, are very troublesome to us; they first court our notice by sending us tickets, and then rail at us in all sorts of ways, because we don't flatter their vanities by praising their efforts. Truth has been always our guide in these, as in greater matters, and we care not who it offends.





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MRS WAYLETT AS COUNTESS DE GUISE.

*in*  
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